

## Just a Dream

By H. M. EGBERT

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Gerald Holmes was what the world called a successful man. At fifty he had won a place in the estimation of his community. He was rich, a widower of several years' standing, and the father of grownup children. And, like many successful men, he knew that life had been for him a failure.

His marriage had been happy enough. Hardly anyone knew, and none of his own children knew, the story of his early love affair with Lillian Huntley. They had been classmates at college, they had loved each other since they first saw each other. They were engaged to be married as soon as Holmes had established himself in his profession as a scientific engineer. Often in afterdays, when he was called from end to end of the great continent to achieve success at this profession where other men had failed, Holmes would recall how he and Lillian had fought over those problems together in her little room, where she, with her trained mind, was able to aid even him, the first in the class at the university.

Their lives had had such prospects of rich fruit; they were so perfectly satisfied with each other, that Holmes had always felt their joy was to be snatched from them. Lillian fought for five days against pneumonia.

"Tomorrow will be the crisis," said the doctor.

But when the crisis came Lillian could not withstand it.

He was called to her bedside in her last hours. The struggle for life had ceased, and her beauty, her strength, her faculties were going out swiftly on the ebb-tide.

"I want you to be happy, Gerald," she whispered. And, seeing the look



"Belong to Whom?" Inquired Holmes.

on his face, she added, with a faith that amazed him:

"I know all good comes to those who wait. I know that some day the perfect life will unfold for us. I want you to marry and be happy in this life, Gerald, and, some day, I—I will come to you again."

Then her eyes closed and she began to pass into that place from which none return, so far as we positively know, though we all hope that we may meet there.

For days after her death Gerald shut himself up in his room and refused to see anyone. Then, all of a sudden, just when his friends had begun to despair of him, he changed. Something had been at work to change the nature of the man. It seemed as if he had resolved to forget all his memories of the past. He worked hard and he played hard. He was now called callous. He married, 'n due course, and sons and daughters were born to him. Then his wife died, and he lived with his children in his fine house in a suburban district, undertaking only occasional work of a highly remunerative and national character. At fifty his life's interests had closed. He did not know what to do with himself. His eldest daughter wanted him to marry again. She brought suitable ladies to the house, but she soon saw that her father did not look upon her scheme with approval.

Among Holmes' civic interests was that of the girls' home. He was sitting in his capacity as chairman of the board when one of the inmates was brought to him. She was a girl of about eighteen, and apparently incorrigible. He listened to the matron's story as the girl stood sullenly, with downcast eyes, before him.

She was not bad, but wayward. Her parents, poor laboring people, had never been able to control her. She had a passion for finery, and had been caught pilfering from one of the department stores. She had been committed to the home, and had refused to obey any of the rules, and had defied the authorities.

The matron requested permission to have her sent back to the court for sentence for the theft.

"A prison sentence will stamp her irredeemably as an outcast," suggested Holmes.

"She's that now, sir," said the matron angrily. "There's no way to discipline her."

"What is the trouble?" Holmes asked the girl.

She began to speak without raising her eyes. "They hadn't treated me fair," she blurted out. "I don't belong to them."

"Belong to whom?" inquired Holmes.

"That lot down to the East side. I'm a lady. I ain't goin' to mix with that crowd of loafers and shop girls. I want my chance. For God's sake,

give me my chance to go to a decent school, instead of shutting me up here."

"Why don't you look at the chairman when you speak to him, you insolent girl?" demanded the matron.

The girl raised her sullen eyes to his, and Holmes saw—Lillian's. He saw the soul of Lillian looking at him directly out of the eyes of this wayward girl of the slums. He saw the appealing gaze of Lillian, and it seemed to say:

"She is not I. She is the product of her environment, but I am I, and we know each other across the bridge of death."

The chairman spoke presently, in a singularly self-contained and quiet voice.

"Matron, I will be responsible for this girl. I will have her educated, and see what I can make of her."

The matron thought that the heat had affected him. So did the secretary and the stenographer. But Holmes and the girl left the home together.

Amusement, mingled with scandal, greeted this action on Holmes' part. His new ward excited the bitter animosity of his own children. They guessed that he was infatuated with Laura Dean. When he spoke of sending her to school, they imagined it was to fit her to take her place at the head of the household.

For a month he kept her in his home, but then the mutual recriminations became too strong, and he sent her to a boarding establishment for young ladies. During that month, however, Holmes had satisfied himself that Laura was by no means bad. She was naturally a woman entitled to the good things of life. The pinched and tawdry environment of her home had been impossible for a girl of her type.

Her temper was violent, yet sometimes, when they were alone together, Holmes would see the old look of Lillian in her eyes. And it seemed to him that this girl was Lillian reborn on earth. Once he questioned her.

"Do you know the name Lillian Huntley?" he asked.

The girl looked amazed, almost stupefied. The look of Lillian, the love of Lillian shone in her eyes and was reflected in every feature.

"I seem to remember it," she murmured, passing her hand across her forehead.

Holmes was sure then. But would she remember? If he gave her the advantages that Lillian had had, would she come to know him as her destined lover, destined through all the ages? He resolved to try the experiment.

The school to which he sent her was a special one, guaranteed to inculcate refinement among the children of parents who had suddenly risen in the world. When Laura came home at the end of the first year, with excellent reports, although she was considered a little headstrong, Holmes found that she was as well bred as his own daughters.

This only increased the ill feeling. They thought their father was going to marry her at once. But Holmes had other plans. He meant to send Laura to the same university that Lillian had attended, that her dormant soul might be awakened there.

And it seemed unnecessary to speak of love, because the calm and steadfast eyes of Lillian seemed always in Laura's face, and their love was too real to require utterance.

Holmes was counting the days until Laura's return. He meant to ask her to become his wife. He had no anticipation of a refusal. His children, after protracted quarrelling, had talked of leaving him. Holmes did not care. He felt that he had resumed that early life which Lillian's death had broken off. Only two weeks remained till her return.

He read her letters. Affectionate they were, such as a daughter might write to a father; yet Holmes read something deeper into them. In his infatuation he could hardly wait for the time to expire.

That evening a telegram was put into his hand. He tore it open, while the messenger waited; and, as he did so, he felt a sudden chill foreboding. It read as follows:

"Professor Murray and I were married this afternoon. Dear father, will you send us your blessing?"

The man, retaining full self-control in that moment of stunning shock, penciled: "God bless you as I do," upon the form. Then he turned away.

And it came to him then that life is for living and not for dreaming. Lillian, if she had ever come back to him, required his strength, his cognition, to make her know herself. He saw that she was lost to him in life forever.

But afterwards he saw, with a great gladness, that love was never lost, and that what part of Laura's personality had been his would remain his forever.

"Evil Eye" Nothing But Squint.

It is probable that the "evil eye," for which many hapless old women were harried to their death on the suspicion of witchcraft in "the good old days," was no more than a common squint, a "cast" in the eye, or "honesty," as it is called in many parts of the country to this day, writes Dr. N. Bishop Harman in the British Journal of Children's Diseases. Not only was the squint thought to be of evil significance, but the defect itself was considered to be the work of evil spirits.

In "King Lear" we find the following in the scene on the heath at night:

"This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: He begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; milderms the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth."

Foolish Question and Pert Maid.

"I'd like to get off tomorrow afternoon to go to my uncle's funeral."

"Is your uncle dead, Mary?"

"No, ma'am. We're just burying him because it's the custom."

# Salome

## The Tender Hearted

### A TRUE STORY OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE FOR MEMORIAL DAY



INCE the Confederate troops had occupied the town of Gettysburg all the residents stayed within doors, the children now and then slipping to windows to their curiosity to see the "rebels," as those monsters of distorted imagination went clattering through on their horses or stopped to rest in the shade of the trees which lined the streets. Salome Myers was working with her mother in the sitting room preparing the midday meal. Mrs. Myers was not one to wait and weep at the approach of armed men. She proceeded calmly about her routine housework without waiting.

For a time Salome wound the strips of linen and cotton as rapidly as did her mother, and gave no more thought to the outside noises than did the older woman; but at length the girl heard a louder noise than usual. It was the tramp of a body of infantrymen coming up the street. She was only human, and ran to the front window and threw it up. A large squad of Confederates were bringing some Federal prisoners into town.

There were signs of increasing excitement among the Confederates. Orderlies went clattering up and down the street, and men were cleaning rifles in anticipation of immediate conflict. Nothing happened that night. Salome slept little. All night long the military shouts were ringing, sharp orders and sudden challenges echoed through the streets.

In the morning she darted to the window. There was not a sign of the Confederates. They had gone. A little after breakfast another rumble and clatter was heard. All dashed to the windows, peered out, then tore into the street yelling like mad. It was the Union men, galloping in. They poured past in seemingly inexhaustible numbers. The villagers, free to mingle once more, ran about excitedly. Salome soon found her place among the girls of her own age, who were as thrilled and awed as she.

Suddenly the cry ran around: "Buford's cavalry is coming. They've ridden all the way from Virginia without a stop," and a cheer of welcome followed the news over the town.

When they had passed an orderly dashed through the town calling upon all the villagers to go to their cellars. The battle was about to begin. As they were filing into their houses the first guns roared out, and gradually grew in number and volume until the windows clattered steadily in their casements. All day they crouched in the cellars. Now and then a bullet would strike the buildings, and sometimes the glass from a breaking window would tinkle so that they could hear it from the recesses of their retreats. Troops went rushing by, sometimes silently, sometimes with loud hurrahs.

Late in the afternoon Doctor Fulton came to the head of the stairs and called down. He asked if there were any women below who could help care for the wounded. Mrs. Myers replied that of course there were, and started up the stairs. Salome would have followed, but her father halted her and tried to persuade her of the danger. But the good woman was determined, and consequently they all went up. The Catholic church close by had been turned into a hospital.

The girl darted out of the house and across the lawn. At the church door she halted. She did not dare look inside. Horrible groans, shrieks and cries were echoing in the interior. A couple of men brushed past her with one of the stretchers between them. She glanced down. A face covered with blood was all she saw. A weakness gripped her heart and she staggered to one side. Someone inside was cursing with persistent blasphemy. Somehow the visor and naturalness of the act brought back her self-possession, and she marched inside. The floor was covered with blood. Men with legs or arms gone were rolling and tumbling over still, silent figures. Others were screaming and clutching at their mangled bodies in helpless and maddening suffering. A sickening odor sent the girl's head reeling again. At her feet a man lay watching her with dull bleared eyes. She dropped on one knee and tried to speak to him. She had no voice. Her hand trembled and she started violently as she touched him. Finally she stammered, "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing," he murmured slowly. "I'm going to die," and he smiled feebly. It was too much. She fled to the church steps, quivering and sobbing in long gasps.

It was near sundown and the end of a horrible day. The babel grew worse and worse. Doctors as bloody as any of the wounded men hurried here and there. Nurses ran in and out bearing bandages and buckets of water. Slowly Salome rose to her feet. She would go back in, she could bear it now she thought, and acting on the impulse, inspired by she knew not what, she scurried back into the shambles. She avoided glancing at the room, but knelt at the head of the man to whom she had first spoken. He was brighter and smiling when she raised his head for a draft of water. She opened his clothing and found a wound in his breast. She bathed it gently. A doctor passing told her that the man had been shot through the lung and that his spine was shattered. There was no hope. She looked down at the doomed man with great eyes. He was tugging at his belt and pulled out a pocket Bible.

Slowly he told her of the verse his father had read to both him and his brother when they had left for the front. She turned to the place and read it, all the while bathing his flushed forehead. He seemed relieved and talked much of his father and brother. Then he looked up at her and spoke in a strange, strained voice as though something almost too sacred for mention were being talked of. "Girl, you know I can't—why, I'm married just two days, and she'll never see me. Oh," he groaned and shut his eyes.

She found, from the doctor, that no wounded man could be removed from the hospital. However, she urged so affecting for the privilege of bearing the young soldier into her father's home that he consented, and sent two attendants to carry him over.

On the spare bed he was placed and his bloody clothing removed. Between the cool, clean sheets he breathed easier and seemed by contrast to be in veritable comfort.

Once as Salome sat by the bedside of her first patient she learned his name was Alexander Stewart. Stewart, while she leaned across fanning steadily, told in long, dragging breaths of his brother. Henry and he had been inseparable all their lives and had gone off together. Henry was the finest man God had ever made, and he had hoped they might be together when they came to separate for the last time, but his head sunk and Salome said nothing. There was nothing for her to say. She ran out, got a pencil and paper and wrote to Henry in Washington, then to the timid bride back at home, and to the father and mother.

Salome returned to the hospital and labored on. The second day of Gettysburg was beginning to send in its terrible toll, and there was more and more work to be done.

Her own home was crowded, and her mother, still calm and wonderfully skillful, cooked and prepared necessities and delicacies with magic celerity.

She scarcely knew when the three days' fight was over, so intent was she upon caring for her patients, and so steadily did they come in. As many as they could find room for were brought into the Myers home. Fourteen were provided for. For weeks the house was full, and neither woman slept in a bed.

On the sixth of July young Stewart died. Salome was with him to the last, for he had been her first patient, and she had held his head tight against her when he had talked of his young bride. But she had no time to weep. A man in the next room was calling for water, and she had merely time to close the dead man's eyes and fold his hands across his chest. But that night she wrote long letters to the young widow and to the brother in Washington. In a few days the father came to claim the body, and he thanked the girl as well as his grief would per-

mit. Henry, he said, had been wounded in Washington, but was recovering. Letters from the grief-stricken girl and boy came within the following week to Salome, and were so warm and affectionate that she responded immediately, but first to Washington. Return letters from the brother came steadily and were as steadily answered.

Even when Camp Letterman opened and a hospital of sufficient size to care for all of the human debris which Gettysburg left had taken all the invalids from the private homes, Salome did not give up the work. She followed her soldiers over to their new quarters and nursed them there.

With the advent of winter the nursing was completed and Salome at last freed from the exacting duties of her new occupation. Her correspondence was still very large. Many of the men whom she had cared for in the home and who had heard of her wrote often. Henry Stewart from the front maintained a continuous chain of letters. These Salome for some reason answered first and bent over the longest. He was out on furlough in July if all went well, he wrote in the early spring, and his sister-in-law was coming with him to see the woman who had made their loved one happy in his last moments. If they might, and so it happened.

They came early in the morning almost a year to the day from the Gettysburg conflict. They came straight to the house, for Salome had written exact directions. Henry was much like his brother, and for a moment Salome was touched. She spoke not. The hair and forehead of the man before her was the same as that of the dead man; the lips had the same curve as those which had told the pathetic love story that night close to her cheek. All three were too moved to speak, and for a time there was a tearful silence between them. Then the little widow went to the great-hearted embrace of the nurse and Henry came near to following her, but held the firm, warm hand instead.

Salome took them over the battlefield, the church and scenes sacred to Alexander's memory, and swayed them so completely by her brave, womanly sympathy and strength that they clung to her in their grief like children to their mother's skirts.

The widow did not let her sorrow so completely dominate her but that she saw things that led her to find various excuses for staying away, when a walk or expedition was mentioned. She managed to leave the two, Henry and Salome, more and more alone.

When they plighted their troth it is not for the world to know, but the beautiful romance came to fruition in marriage and Rev. Henry Stewart and Mrs. Stewart lived happily in Gettysburg for many years.

## HOME TOWN HELPS

### FIRES AND TOWN PLANNING

Many Instances May Be Cited Where a Little Foresight Would Have Saved Much Money.

Paris, Tex., which recently jumped into notice because fire destroyed the greater part of the town, is busy with plans for rebuilding according to a systematic town plan. A town planner has been imported, and when Paris rises from its ashes it will be a better-built and more convenient town to get around in than it ever was before, if what is accomplished comes up to the expectation of the people.

The people of Paris show a remarkable spirit when they are able to survey their ruined town and still have mind and foresight left to think of town planning along modern lines; but the chances of success would have been better if the plan had been evolved before the fire, when Paris had more time for deliberation and a gradual upbuilding of public sentiment. When the village of Detroit was replanned, more than a century ago, after a fire that burned every building in the place, mistakes were made that plague the city to this day. San Francisco ignored its great opportunity a decade ago. If Chicago had had a town plan back in the 'seventies Chicago's present planning problems might not be half so formidable, and in this country of big fires any city may have its melancholy chance to make new street lines or lay out new parks over its ashes.

The remoteness of the chance that a conflagration will visit any city may seem to make this consideration but a weak argument for town planning, but it is not necessary to burn a whole town down to give the well-matured town plan a chance. In Cleveland not many years ago the burning of a single building gave the city an opportunity to make an extremely valuable street extension in the downtown district. If that particular extension had not been in the public mind for a long while the chance might have been overlooked and a heavy bill for a wrecked building would have been the result when the street was finally opened.—Chicago Herald.

### OPEN GARDEN HOUSE



The garden house illustrated here is complete and needs vines only for embellishment. A skeleton roof of rafters only, no sheeting or shingles, could be put up and covered with vines, making an arbor rather than a house. Seats may be built in or movable benches or chairs used.

### URGED CULTIVATION OF TREES

Henry Ward Beecher, Fifty Years Ago, Sought to Awaken New England to Its Possibilities.

Henry Ward Beecher in "Norwood," 50 years ago, said: "I have often marveled that, in a time of such taste and liberality, so little should be done with trees. New England might be a magnificent park, with but a slight expense, if only one dedicated himself to doing good through the love of beauty. Every great road, every by-road, connecting towns and villages, or neighborhoods, if consecrated, might not only be judiciously planted, but, by a little study and care in the selection, all the fine trees might in time be employed until every county would become an arboretum. Such is the spirit of emulation that if a single town should perfect this work, other towns would catch the inspiration, and the work would go on with energy until all unclothed roads would become a reproach."

Roses for Oregon School Yards. Many Oregon school yards that have been without flowers will blossom with roses in a year or two, and others that have not been altogether strangers to roses will have more of them. If 3,500 hardy little bushes that are to be sent out from the university gardens this spring manage to survive the trials of being transplanted. Each spring at pruning time thousands of rose slips cut from the bushes on the university campus are planted for distribution the following spring to high schools of the state, to public buildings, libraries, hospitals and other suitable institutions. From twelve to twenty bushes are sent in each package.

Importance of Clean Streets. In general health schemes, looking to the ultimate benefit of municipalities, the importance of clean streets is not being overlooked. Intelligent treatment of questions of this character is responsible, in large measure, for the dwindling death rates in big American cities.

Cleaning Up. Verily, he that cleans up his own house and premises is greater than he that talketh about running a city.—Chicago Herald.

## TAKEN FROM EXCHANGES

A Pennsylvania inventor's combination billiard and pool table that can be folded compactly is featured by a bed made of heavy rubber instead of slate. Maj. Charles Young of the United States army, to whom the Spingarn medal was recently awarded, is a full-blooded negro.

Steam railroads in this country burn 135,000,000 tons of coal a year.

President Ryan of the Anasagans

A large number of wood pulp factories in the north of Sweden have been forced to shut down on account of the exorbitant freight rates prevailing.

Ireland has 84,869 land holders having plots not exceeding an acre, 61,730 who hold more than one acre and not more than five acres; 153,299 under 15, and 136,068 not exceeding 30.

A transport workers' battalion is

### When Charity Is Offensive.

Charity is offensive in its publicity and its givings. It destroys the receiver's sensitiveness, then his usefulness, then his manhood. Persistence in receiving charity will create a nation of paupers. If the money now spent in charity could be expended in educating all, rich and poor, in the ethics of justice in the distribution of wealth, the seeming necessity for charity would disappear when these ethics were applied to the conduct of society.—Detroit Journal.

### Cultivate Good Manners.

From a wide experience, I believe this matter of manners to be one for the most earnest consideration, and a note-writer well expresses it thus: "Good manners in the household are like oil on complicated machinery—like cushions spread over rough and winding ways—but they are more important than anything else in their strong influence on character. The result of a refined early life shows itself in all that a man or woman becomes."—M. A. Moore.